IV. Departure from Moscow

When an underground operative leaves Moscow to take up his assignment in a foreign country, he does not travel from Moscow direct to his destination on his false foreign passport, because, if he did so, his passport would be stamped at the point of exit by the Soviet border guards and also by the border police of the adjacent country. These stamps would at the outset mark the bearer of the passport as a man who had something to do with communist Russia.

For that reason, the false passport is sent from Moscow by diplomatic pouch to some European capital, where it is to be picked up by the underground operative. The operative himself travels to that capital either on a Soviet passport or with a "temporary" foreign passport which is not considered safe enough for permanent use.

Having arrived in the country where his passport awaits him, the operative undergoes a complete metamorphosis. He sheds his old identity, leaving all possible traces behind, takes his false passport, and becomes an entirely new person. From there he starts to "swim," as the Soviet lingo goes, and travels to the country of his assignment.

When picking up his false passport, the operative must check whether the laboratory of the Soviet intelligence has stamped the passport with the necessary

foreign exit and entry stamps to indicate the route which the passport has traveled from the country where it had been issued, because a lack of such stamps would make the border police at the next frontier crossing wonder how a person could arrive, for instance from Canada, without having had his passport stamped first at the point of exit from that country and then at the point of entry into Europe.

The quick trip of the underground operative from Moscow to the country where his false passport awaits him is considered a trifling operation and is usually prepared so carelessly that it sometimes causes the traveler trouble. Here are a few illustrations:

An officer of the NKVD intelligence, who for the first time in his career was assigned to underground work, was supposed to pass in Italy as an Austrian citizen. His false Austrian passport waited for him in Paris. For the trip from Russia to Paris he was given a "temporary" Romanian passport. He traveled from the Black Sea port of Odessa to Istanbul, and there boarded a Greek steamer bound for Marseilles. The journey to Turkey was uneventful enough. But on the boat to Marseilles he was suddenly seized with excruciating pain in the abdomen. The boat physician, a Greek, hurried to his aid. He tried to talk to him first in Greek and then in English, but the patient did not understand either of the languages.

As good luck would have it, the purser of the boat located a Romanian passenger and asked him to act as an interpreter. This passenger turned out to be the Romanian consul general in France. But to everybody's surprise, the patient could not understand a single word of his "native" tongue. The situation was becoming critical as the Greek physician was trying to explain

to the patient in sign language that he considered it necessary to operate on him for appendicitis . . .

Another case concerned an underground operative who had to get away from Hitler's Germany in a hurry. He hid his false Canadian passport, in which he figured as an exporter, and asked the NKVD secret laboratory in Germany to give him a "temporary" passport for a quick trip to Russia. The laboratory hastily fixed a Portuguese passport for him. When he arrived in Moscow, a friend of his who had worked in Portugal took a look at the passport and said: "It's your luck that the German and Polish border police did not know Portuguese. It is written here that the bearer of the passport has only one arm."

Still another incident which bordered on the comic was related to me by an underground resident named Karl, who operated in France with a Czechoslovakian passport. He left Paris for Moscow using a temporary American passport. When the train came to the Belgian frontier, an officer entered the compartment to check the documents. Karl produced his American passport and it was duly stamped. Simultaneously, the only other passenger in the compartment, a neat middle-aged gentleman with silvery hair produced his passport—he also was an American! From that moment the man became Karl's tormentor. He was happy to meet a compatriot, and soon he was telling about his wonderful trip to Italy and Spain and plying Karl with questions. Was he also on a pleasure trip, or on business? When did he leave the United States? Where was he going? Soon the man took out his wallet and produced snapshots of his grandchildren. Karl, who did not speak English and knew only a few stock phrases, became morose and taciturn. He answered "yes" and

"no," not knowing to what he was answering. To get rid of the friendly old man, Karl pretended to doze off, but it was enough for him to open his eyes and the man was again upon him.

After a while, Karl took out a French magazine and pretended to be absorbed in reading. But the man was looking at him and waiting for an opening . . . Karl left the compartment, went to another car, and sat there for an hour. Then he went to the dining car for dinner. He was very hungry and started to relish his soup. At that moment the American appeared. And, although there were other seats in the car, the waiter chose to escort him to Karl's table. And again, indiscriminate talk and insistent questions. Karl was suffocating . . . He hurriedly swallowed a few pieces of meat, declined dessert and coffee, and left the car, still hungry. When the train pulled into the Berlin station, Karl asked the conductor to be transferred to another compartment. He saw the American again at the Russian frontier talking to other tourists. Disgusted with the journey, Karl was happy when the train finally pulled into the Moscow railway station.

Next morning, Karl came to the headquarters to report to the chief of the NKVD intelligence, Sloutsky. The secretary said that the chief had a visitor, but that Karl was welcome to enter. Karl entered, and there opposite Sloutsky with his back to the door sat a familiar figure with silvery hair. It was his tormentor! Sloutsky introduced them. The man was an old secret agent.

All these unpleasant moments that occur as a result of carelessness during the short trips with "temporary" passports are nothing in comparison with the trouble that is bound to come if similar negligence is allowed

to take place on the territory of the country against which the operative conducts his dangerous work. There, the slightest misstep may mean arrest, imprisonment, and trouble for the network.

V. The Operative's Biography

The passport is only one of the components of the problem of establishing a new identity for the underground operative. Like any other person, the operative must have a "past," his own history, capable of withstanding at least a superficial investigation. The best way to acquire a past is to build it around the life story of the man whose passport has been taken and whose double he has become. However, this must not be done blindly, but in a very careful and selective way.

Let us assume that the man who has relinquished his passport to the operative is an American, that his parents reside in New York, and that he had been with General Motors for a number of years. It is clear that if the parents of this man are not privy to the passport arrangement and cannot be relied upon to confirm that the operative is their son, then it is better for the operative to say that his parents are deceased. For the same reason, it would be a mistake for the operative to indicate General Motors as the place of his former employment, because, in case of an investigation, the other employees would not recognize in him a man who had been a co-worker. The best thing, therefore, would be for the Soviet intelligence to find a reliable businessman who would be ready to confirm that the operative had been working for him. For the same reason, it would be wrong for the operative to give the addresses

at which the American had lived in the United States, as his own. What he must do is to have one or two landlords who could be relied on to confirm that at certain specified periods the operative had been their tenant. In addition to this the operative may prepare a couple of addresses of apartment houses which have been demolished.

If the operative's occupation is given in his passport, he must be able to maintain at least a general conversation about it, using the correct terms of his trade as a specialist might.

The operative must have a fair knowledge of the cities he is supposed to have lived in and of their principal attractions. If, according to the legend, he is supposed to have lived in New York, he should know the names of the boroughs, the principal buildings, avenues, parks, railway stations, bridges, department stores, theaters, subway lines, names of suburbs, etc. Before embarking on an assignment in the underground with a new passport, the operative must be given an opportunity to visit his "native" city and study it.

The operative must keep in mind that if he has fallen under the surveillance of the security agencies, it is best for him to withdraw from the field because, with rare exceptions, a thorough investigation will almost surely puncture his false identity, no matter how well it is camouflaged.

The early history of the Soviet underground was replete with incidents in which operatives discredited themselves because of lack of proper preparation. One of them, who was posing as an American, made a down payment on a little business which he bought in France, only to be confronted a few days later by a brother

of the owner, an American Jew who came on a visit from New York. After a short chat with the operative in English, the American told him: "You say you are an American and that you lived in New York for some twenty years. Well, it's none of my business . . . If you want to call yourself an American, you may do so, but nobody will believe it. Please, don't be offended." The operative decided to withdraw and lost the down payment.

I remember an incident which occurred with a very able officer of the NKVD intelligence who had just arrived in France from the United States with a fresh American passport and was eager to plunge into his first venture in the underground. He stopped at the Grand Hotel in Paris, asked in fluent French for a room, and produced his American passport. The room clerk happened to be an American from Brooklyn; he was glad to welcome a compatriot in English and asked him a question or two about the crossing. Taken by surprise the Soviet officer became confused, uttered a nondescript English sentence which the clerk could not understand. He decided then to show that his English was not so bad after all and got entangled in a difficult phrase, stuttered, and went to his room, only to leave the hotel next morning. He came to the Soviet embassy utterly disappointed, deposited his American passport, and got back his Soviet documents. He wrote to Moscow that he felt he was not yet ready with the language and asked permission to go to London for three months to study English.

Another incident, also reflecting insufficient preparation for the job, took place on an ocean liner during a crossing from the United States to Europe. While playing cards with a group of passengers, a Soviet under-

ground operative who pretended to be an American was asked what his occupation was. "A furrier," he blurted out. Had he said he was a bookseller or a dealer in fertilizers, he would have been all right. But to mention furs in the presence of women was a hazard. The ladies became very interested and began to ask him about the prices on various grades of mink and some other furs. Undaunted, the operative cited a few figures which made the ladies' eyes pop out. After that, they began to avoid him and no longer invited him to a game of cards. They eyed him suspiciously and probably thought that he was a thief or a crackpot.

Another officer, a novice in underground intelligence, made his debut on a boat from Constantinople to Marseilles. He traveled on a "temporary" Greek passport to France, where he had to pick up his permanent Austrian passport with which he was to operate in the underground. This man was also asked what his occupation was. "An exporter," he answered with a sense of importance. "Exporter of what?" was the next question. "Coffee," answered the operative. "From where?"—"From Turkey," answered the intelligence wizard. "I know," retorted the man, "that people drink coffee prepared in the Turkish fashion, but I have never heard that coffee grows in Turkey." The passengers looked at each other in amazement.

One Soviet agent who fell under the surveillance of the German police, eluded his trailers, grabbed a little suitcase, and went to a residential hotel for the week end to await an emergency passport with which to make his escape. He decided to get his financial accounts in order and to turn them over to the agent who was to bring him the passport. The accounts were muddled, and he had a hard time figuring out the foreign exchange. His first trial balance showed a $2,000 deficit. He did it over again, and the deficit rose sharply. He tried again, but was unable to straighten the accounts out. Then he hit on an idea. He rang for the bell boy and when he appeared, he asked him to bring an abacus. "An abacus?" repeated the bell boy. "Yes, an abacus. Tell the porter, he will give it to you." Some twenty minutes later somebody knocked on the door. A portly middle-aged gentleman, all friendly smiles, extended his plump hand and said in Russian: "Glad to greet a real Russian!" The intelligence agent was taken aback. "The police have tracked me down," flashed through his mind. "When I heard you wanted an abacus, I knew you were Russian . . . They don't know here what an abacus means, they use little adding machines. Ah, I remember, our Russian bookkeepers rattled the counters along the brass rods so fast you couldn't see their flying fingers!" After that the effusive man introduced himself. He was the assistant hotel manager, a former major in the Russian Imperial Guards.

All these misadventures were typical of the first unsure steps of the Soviet intelligence officers along the slippery road of the underground. By 1934–35 the Soviet underground intelligence had achieved maturity and grown into a force which no country could ignore.

VI. Entry into the Underground

Even in such a seemingly trivial matter as applying for an entry visa to a foreign country, the underground operative must act with caution and foresight. Before filling out the required questionnaire, he must obtain a copy of the application form and prepare himself to give the right answers. The operative must learn to fill out the questionnaire without any errors in spelling, especially if the language in which he does it is supposed to be his own.

I remember a case when a Soviet operative, masquerading as a Canadian, applied for a visa to India when that country was still in the British Empire. Being deficient in writing English, he struggled with the questionnaire which was laid before him and gave such a horrible performance in English spelling that the British official could not conceal his amazement and called in another official who looked like a typical police sergeant. This man asked the "Canadian" a few questions and eyed him suspiciously. After that he took the passport and disappeared behind a door at the far end of the room. A few minutes later the door opened and the officer came out of a brightly lit closet with the passport in his hand. The operative knew what that meant. The officer who, no doubt, was a security agent had examined the passport under a quartz-mercury-vapor lamp which shows whether there are any fraudulent

alterations in the document. Although the visa was granted and the passport did not have any physical defects, the operative canceled his trip because it was clear that he had fallen under suspicion and that he would be put under surveillance during his stay in India.

When entering a country by boat, the traveler is usually required to fill out a debarkation questionnaire and is also orally questioned by an immigration officer. The Soviet intelligence, therefore, instructs its operatives to obtain the questionnaire from the travel bureau in advance and prepare for the talk with the immigration officer. It is only natural that, whenever possible, intelligence operatives try to evade a face-to-face talk with consular or security officials. Thus, instead of applying for an entry visa at a foreign consulate in person, the operative usually stops at one of the best hotels and asks the porter to secure a first-class passage and a visa through a travel agency. This method works out well, but sometimes it produces undesirable complications. Here are examples.

In one instance which came to my attention the false passport given by an operative to the hotel porter for obtaining a visa got lost somewhere between the porter, the travel bureau, and the foreign consulate. Behind such a disappearance there always lingers a suspicion that the security agencies could have had a hand in it. When a bona fide foreign national loses his passport, he can easily get a duplicate after a certain amount of checking and red tape, to be sure. But for an operative who has obtained his passport by fraud, such a procedure is risky. A check by the Passport Division which had issued the passport may turn up unexpected surprises. It may disclose, for instance, that according

to the file the applicant had received a passport for foreign travel twice, but that the photographs of the bearer furnished each time were not of the same person. Or it can happen that the two witnesses who had falsely verified under oath the identity of the operative when he had applied for the passport may become frightened when questioned again and, thinking that the fraud has come out, might waver.

One case which caused a great deal of trouble to the NKVD intelligence occurred in 1935. In the summer of that year a top-flight NKVD intelligence officer by the name of Mally was assigned to underground work in the United States. He had a genuine Austrian passport (obtained by fraud in Vienna) and could pass the strictest test as far as the German language was concerned because he had been born and educated in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. However, there was one obstacle which prevented him from going to the United States to take up his new assignment there. The Austrian passports of that period had on them a special stamp which stated that the passport was not valid for travel to the United States.

When Mally applied to the United States consulate in Paris for a visa, he was told there that as long as his passport contained the restrictive clause barring travel to the USA, a visa could not be issued to him. The next step for Mally to take was to go to the Austrian consulate and ask them to insert a correction in the passport making it valid for travel to the United States. However, Mally did not relish the prospect of coming face to face with the consular officials (evidently wishing to avoid probing questions) and, instead, registered at the exclusive Hotel Carlton and asked the head

porter to attend to the visa details and book for him a first-class cabin to the United States. But things did not work out the way Mally expected them to. A week or so later, he received a letter from the Austrian consul asking him to drop in at the consulate for a personal talk. But Mally was in a suspicious mood. Instead of dropping in to see the consul, he temporized for about ten days and then told the hotel porter that his trip to America had had to be canceled and asked him to get the passport back. But the consulate told the porter that Mr. Hart (Mally's name in the passport) must come for it in person.

Meanwhile, Mally noticed, or fancied, that he was being shadowed. He checked out of the hotel in a hurry and informed Moscow that he felt he should not go to the consulate to get the passport. Headquarters agreed with him. Having lost touch with its citizen, the Austrian consulate, a few weeks later, informed the authorities in Vienna of his disappearance and mailed the passport back to the Passport Office. A routine investigation that followed revealed that the passport had been issued fraudulently to an unauthorized person by a bribed official. The official was arrested. Fearing that he would confess to issuing other passports as well, the NKVD intelligence sounded an alarm to all its underground rings abroad and ordered a number of operatives with Austrian passports of the same series to leave at once. Thus, a seemingly innocent incident ended in the disruption of the intelligence work on a wide front.

While on the subject of the unpleasant consequences of the loss of a passport, I wish to add that Soviet operatives had instructions to observe the following rule: when crossing by train from one country to an-

other, the operative should remain in his seat, from the moment his passport had been taken from him by the border police for checking, until it has been brought back to him. This advice was prompted by a number of incidents in which Soviet operatives who had absented themselves from their compartments could not be found by the officers who came to return the passports to them. The operatives would soon afterward be confronted by the border police of the next country and, because they were unable at produce their passports, they would be taken off the train and made to wait at a border station for hours until the border police communicated by phone with their counterparts in the neighboring country and arranged that the passports be brought by the next train.

In their travels Soviet operatives often find it necessary to by-pass checkpoints altogether and cross the frontier at points where passports are not required. They also take advantage of buses transporting tourists over a border and back without any formalities, as is usually done between Switzerland, France, Italy, Austria, and between the Scandinavian countries. They also make use of special railway round-trip tickets that allow one to cross from one European country to another for the week end without a passport.

In case of emergency an experienced operative ought to be able to cross the whole of Europe without a passport. Some Soviet operatives are known to have traveled without the benefit of a passport as far as the United States, in spite of the stringent American immigration laws. Some of them came to Canada and Mexico aboard Soviet cargo ships and from there crossed into the United States with somebody's naturalization papers and even settled in the country for

long stretches of underground work. Soviet agents are also known to have entered the United States with forged "re-entry cards" which the American immigration authorities ordinarily issue to immigrants in the United States who have not yet become American citizens and need to make a trip abroad.

VII. Business Cover

Besides the false passport the underground operative must have some kind of business cover to justify his permanent residence in the chosen country. The acquisition of a proper and fitting cover is a difficult and important problem in the underground set-up. The operative cannot dodge this problem for the simple reason that a man without an occupation has no proper place in society. "What do you do for a living?" has become an ordinary and legitimate question asked by people everywhere.

Even if the operative possessed a special skill which would ordinarily command a good salaried position, he would not be able to apply for the job because he could not present to his prospective employer data concerning his previous employment. And even if this obstacle could be overcome, the NKVD would not want him to do a full-time job because all his time is needed for his intelligence work.

Experience had shown that the best way to acquire a cover was for the operative to open his own business. During the first years of Moscow's attempts at building the underground organizations, it was fashionable to open something on an attractive scale to make the operative seem prosperous. However, this practice proved costly and far from satisfactory. Here are a few examples:

In the late 1920's the NKVD intelligence supplied one of its operatives by the name of Yury Praslov with a Latvian passport and with a considerable sum of money for the purpose of establishing an export-import firm in France. It was clear from the beginning that the venture was bound to fail. Praslov had no experience as a businessman. His chiefs did not realize that this was not the proper way to create a business. Such enterprises grow from little to big by a natural process of commercial development, if they are able to attract and satisfy the customers and withstand competition. But Praslov's business was created artificially, with beautifully appointed offices and a staff, even before the firm had a single transaction to its credit.

In the meantime, the money provided by Moscow was being rapidly consumed by the payroll and expenses, and the prospects looked very gloomy. Then Praslov, with the permission of his chiefs, turned for help to his friend M. Lomovsky, the head of the Soviet Trade Delegation in Paris. Lomovsky, only too eager to oblige the NKVD, agreed to turn over to Praslov's firm on consignment huge amounts of goods exported by the Soviet Union to France, with the understanding that Praslov would act as a middleman on a commission basis.

The "Latvian" Praslov and his close relations with the Soviet Trade Delegation drew the attention of the French Sûreté Générale, but he was not molested because he was so absorbed in building up his cover that he did not commit a single act of espionage. To impress Moscow, Praslov attracted into his firm a few influential Frenchmen, among them an old titled French lady with an imposing family tree deeply rooted in France's history.

Tens of millions of francs began to flow through Praslov's fingers, and that proved too much for him. Playing the role of a rich man, he was soon swept off his feet by high living. He embezzled about two million francs—about eighty thousand dollars. To retrieve the loss, Praslov took to gambling and became a familiar figure at the Casino de Deauville. Then, one day, I was instructed by Moscow to investigate his firm and books. But that proved unnecessary. In a preliminary talk with Praslov, he admitted to me that he had lost between eight and nine million francs while gambling at Deauville.

Another one in his place would have absconded with the considerable sum of money which he still had in the bank, but he expressed readiness to go back and "be shot." His decision was apparently prompted not only by a sincere sense of guilt, but by the fact that he was married to the sister of Syrtsov, the premier of the Russian Socialist Federated Republic, who was at that time a close henchman of Stalin. About two months prior to all this, Praslov's wife had given birth to a child, and before departing for Leningrad on a Soviet boat he spent two days buying all kinds of things for his baby.

Stalin acted with magnanimity and ordered Praslov deported to the Solovky concentration camp for five years. When his term expired, Praslov decided to stay on at Solovky in a minor administrative position. He said he was ashamed to return to Moscow and face old friends.

Another underground NKVD operative by the name of Tchaikin, a former sailor of the tsarist navy, who had taken an active part in the February Revolution

(1917), came to the United States in 1929 and made an initial investment of a hundred thousand dollars—with bigger sums to follow. With that capital he bought several old merchant ships. At the same time he succeeded in becoming an agent in Hamburg, Germany, for an American automobile company, Graham Paige. The investments kept him busy and little time was left for intelligence work. He gave big parties and was able to report to Moscow that he had entertained admiral so-and-so and congressman so-and-so, but he was unable to impress the home office with his analyses of international relations, which could be picked up in any magazine. The only more or less valuable informant he had was an officer of the American Navy Intelligence.

Tchaikin lived on such a big scale that in Moscow they began to doubt whether he would ever come back to Russia, if recalled. But return he did. In 1931, he made his entry in the Leningrad port in his own ship. He brought with him expensive furniture for twelve rooms and trunks filled with fine things unobtainable in Moscow. He also had a big supply of French wines and liquors and Havana cigars for the chiefs and himself. Tchaikin, who was not an NKVD staff officer and had never worked at the Headquarters, obviously misjudged his chiefs and especially the head of the Foreign Department, M. Trilisser, an ascetic old Bolshevik who had served a term of ten years at hard labor at the dreaded tsarist Katorga. Trilisser was incensed when told that Tchaikin had delivered to his apartment several cases of old vintage wine and liquor and ordered the cases confiscated and sent to a hospital.

For all the money Tchaikin had spent, he could show only a half a dozen doubtful agents and a personal

secretary to a top officer in the American Navy. She was a beautiful woman, and Tchaikin lavished plenty of Soviet money on her. Trilisser ordered an investigation into the affairs of Tchaikin, and as a result of it Tchaikin was shot.

Not many underground operatives were as delinquent and derelict of duty as the two I have described. Most of them invested considerable sums of money and, not knowing the business and having little time for it, lost all the money on the upkeep of the staff and on merchandise which was finally sold at a loss.

Wishful thinking on the part of the chiefs of the NKVD intelligence also had an important bearing on the failure of the underground operatives to create and maintain sound business covers. In 1929, the deputy chief of the Foreign Department of OGPU, Sloutsky, conceived a plan according to which an old agent of his would "flee" from the Soviet Union to Germany and, representing himself there as a businessman with anti-Soviet leanings, would open in Berlin a "Bureau for Patents." Sloutsky expected that many German inventors wishing to sell their inventions would flock to the bureau and offer their wares and thus the bureau would be able to select inventions of military value and, where possible, to subvert and bribe known inventors from the German army, navy, and air force.

Sloutsky's choice fell on an agent by the name of Y., whose brother or cousin by the same name served as director of UFA, the well-known German motion picture company. Y. was advanced forty thousand dollars and soon opened luxuriously appointed offices on the Unter den Linden, hired a small staff, and announced in the press through a series of advertisements that the

bureau would purchase industrial inventions and was ready to subsidize research by talented inventors.

The response was almost instantaneous. There was a deluge of inventions, mostly concerned with household gadgets, mechanical toys, razors, etc., but no offers containing military or industrial secrets. The only offer of this kind—a new antiaircraft cannon—came from an old professor of mathematics, who happened to be the brother of the chairman of the board of one of the biggest industrial enterprises in Germany. The blueprints and a small model of the cannon were secretly shipped to Moscow. It turned out that the Soviet Commissariat of Defense had already received the same cannon officially from the German General Staff.

Meanwhile, the cost of the cover reached thirty thousand dollars for the first year. The whole construction looked hopeless. The place was full of nonsensical gadgets, but not a single worthwhile invention, or military secret had found its way to the Bureau. Soon the German security agencies became suspicious of the source of the money, and the business had to be liquidated. After such a good life, Y., who was not a member of the party and had no ideological attachment to the Soviet Union, decided that he did not want to return to the drab life of Moscow. He defected amicably without making any revelations and was not bothered by his Soviet employers.

In the early 1930's, the Foreign Department of the NKVD began to ponder seriously a really professional underground network. A brake had been put on indiscriminate spending for foolish business ventures. Candidates for the underground were being selected with greater care, and a few top men of the NKVD

intelligence were appointed director-residents to manage the underground work in foreign countries. Each operative was made to study the language of his passport diligently and also the language and history of the country which was to become the base of his operations.

It had also been discovered that an operative could "float" fairly well if he figured as an agent or representative of a business concern from another country. Many such representations were obtained from French, Canadian, Scandinavian, and especially from big American corporations, and the operatives felt more confident having in their pockets imposing business credentials. It had also been discovered that the operatives could set up their own firms with a capital of merely a thousand dollars. Quality stationery and a personal visiting card of the "Director of such and such company" looked to casual acquaintances no less impressive . . .

Some operatives opened little businesses in antiques. Before leaving Moscow, they were given a short course by specialists and supplied, usually through the embassy pouch, with antiques and works of art with a price list and instructions. One of the operatives became a successful dealer in rare first-edition books and manuscripts. Another opened in Paris a news-photo agency which was operated by an expert in that field. Other operatives who were handy with radio equipment or photography opened up photo-studios and radio stores with very little money invested. A few became more or less fictitious correspondents for foreign newspapers.

The most important thing in the arrangement of a business cover is that it should look completely

genuine. The operative must remember that he is not in business for the sake of making money, and for that reason he must not overreach himself in commercial dealings and should avoid all lawsuits with competitors or customers. In cases where the operatives figure as agents for foreign concerns, they must try to arrange (usually through the persons who helped them to obtain the agents' credentials) that the concerns regularly mail them price lists, circulars, market analyses, statistical data, and, if possible, similar material from the Chamber of Commerce and the Department of Commerce. Such correspondence with known concerns in his "own" country fortifies the identity of the operative and contributes to his prestige.

Security agencies of all countries know from experience that a respectable occupation of a man may be just a cover for illicit activities, and the physical genuineness of a passport does not always prove conclusively that it belongs by right to the bearer. That is why, when security agencies begin to entertain doubts about the identity of a foreigner in their country, they try to obtain collateral data which might shed light on him. The security officers first look for such evidence in the apartment of the suspect. They secretly obtain entry into his rooms (unlawfully of course, but a practice in every country) and examine his personal belongings, letters, and the contents of the pockets in his wardrobe.

Knowing this, the NKVD intelligence has devised the so-called "secret exhibition" which in a few known cases has proved most effective. This device consists of a series of clues planted by the Soviet agent in his own apartment in such a way that if the clues catch the eye of the secret intruders they will give them proof

that the foreigner is indeed the person he represents himself to be. For instance, if the operative lives under a Canadian passport, among his belongings will be scattered a couple of old post cards mailed to his address in Montreal and duly stamped by the post office, a seasonal suburban railway ticket, a public library card from his home town issued in his name, a membership card from a Canadian club, an original telegram delivered to his Montreal address, and a prescription from a Canadian drugstore. The mere sight of a tube of Canadian tooth paste or of accessories used only in Canada or the United States, an invoice from a Canadian department store in the operative's vest pocket, or a crumpled bus ticket will impress the investigators as objective proof. By the same token it must be said that had the secret investigators found in the pockets of the foreign visitor a Moscow bus ticket or a receipt for dues paid to a Soviet trade union, they would be justified in making a different conclusion as to the real identity of the "Canadian."

As a matter of fact, such a case happened in Italy, where the police succeeded in revealing the real identity of a Soviet agent. The Italian detectives searched the agent's apartment in his absence and unearthed a little notebook with Moscow addresses and telephone numbers written in Russian. Had the police known a little more about Moscow, they would have discovered that the notebook read like a who's who in the NKVD.

VIII. Where the Operative Makes His Home

On arrival in the country of his assignment, the operative must turn his attention to the problem of selecting a proper place to live in. The worst place for an operative is a boarding house, for there he is bound to be thrown in contact with people over whose behavior and manners he has no control. During meals in the dining room, they have an opportunity to observe him and to ask personal questions, some of which may be no less pointed than those asked by professional investigators. A boarding house is also bad for another reason. If the operative has attracted the attention of the security agencies they may easily plant a boarder of their own to keep a sharp eye on him.

The best arrangement is to have an apartment in a quiet and conservative neighborhood where tenants rarely say "hello" to each other. Some operatives prefer to live in a good residential hotel, where retired well-to-do people live in an atmosphere of complete privacy. Living there, the operative must avoid using the restaurant or dining room on the premises, because he may unexpectedly come face to face with people who had known him in the past under a different identity. If such a meeting occurs at some other public place, the operative may leave and "get lost." However, if such a chance meeting takes place on the premises of the residential hotel where he lives and where he

is registered, the interested persons can easily find out his new name and disguise.

I remember a case which occurred with a friend and former subordinate of mine who worked in the underground in Hitler's Germany and was living as a Canadian citizen in an exclusive residential hotel in Berlin. One evening, he invited a German physician and his wife to dinner at the restaurant of his hotel. Toward the end of the meal he noticed a group of gay people who were having a little banquet a few tables away. Suddenly one of them, a tall slim German with a swastika in his lapel, got up and with a beaming smile made for the table of my friend. Before my friend had time to recognize him, the German was pumping his hand.

"Zdravstvuyte," he shouted in Russian and continued in German. "Glad to see you Herr Ivanov. Do you live here, at this hotel? What suite? I will call you up. We must get together and talk and talk and talk." My friend pretended to be glad to see him and gently led him away from the table.

"Do you work at the embassy here? Are you staying at this hotel? What suite?" asked the German again.

My friend told him that he was in Berlin for a few days only and that he was staying with friends at their villa in Dahlem. "Then call me up," said the German. "Here is my card. Call me up without fail!"

Who was this German? For a year and a half he had been my friend's teacher of the German language at the Berlitz School in Vienna, where my friend served as second secretary of the Soviet embassy.

My friend returned to his table and did his best to play down the incident. He told his guests that the fellow must have had too many drinks and have taken him for somebody else. He said he steered him away

from the table fearing that he might decide to sit down with them. My friend's guests did not sense the drama behind the episode and started to relate incidents when they too had been taken for someone else, or when they themselves had mixed up persons who looked remarkably alike. My friend moved out of the hotel and for a time stayed with the family of a reliable German collaborator. When he came to the conclusion that his position had not been compromised, he rented a flat of his own in one of the exclusive suburbs of Berlin.

The cause of the incident, which could have had grave consequences, lay not only in the fact that the Soviet operative, in violation of the existing conspiratorial rules, had used the dining room of the hotel where he lived under a false name. Behind this incident can be seen a bigger and more serious blunder of policy on the part of the NKVD intelligence which allowed officers who had previously served in an official capacity in Soviet embassies and trade delegations abroad to be assigned to underground positions with false papers. There were two main reasons why this was allowed to happen: first, there were not enough qualified officers with the high training, experience, and stamina needed for underground service, and second, the dangerous work in the underground is surrounded in Moscow with such an aura of heroism, that many an intelligence chief, irrespective of his previous service abroad in an official capacity, tries to get the hazardous assignment as a matter of honor and personal pride.

There is an old saying "Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you who you are." Every underground resident, as well as every operative under him, would do well if he tried to profit by the wisdom of this

proverb and acquired respectable and honorable acquaintances. It has been established by the NKVD intelligence that in a number of cases the security agencies of Western countries had temporized and refrained from taking action against a suspected Soviet spy only because the police chiefs were baffled by the respectable and conservative people with whom the suspect associated. Such acquaintances can be picked up at resort places, where people have fun together, at social clubs, educational institutions, and even at church. One NKVD resident, who had been an army chaplain in the past, made a point of regularly entertaining the pastor of the community and his wife, making little contributions to his church, and having an occasional chat with the pastor on the fine points of the Bible. There were instances when an acquaintance would take the Russian agent aside and say: "A man from the Credit Bureau inquired about you. I said you were O.K." In Europe, police detectives often misrepresent themselves as credit bureau researchers. Sometimes such a warning may mean to the intelligence officer the difference between freedom and prison, as can be seen from the following incident:

One underground resident, who was conducting a risky intelligence operation in a certain European country, noticed one day that his personal papers and letters in his apartment had been tampered with. Being of an optimistic turn of mind, he persuaded himself that he was mistaken and that he himself had messed up the papers when he was in a hurry to go out. Then, one evening, when he was having supper at the club with a very conservative bourgeois couple, the wife said to her husband: "Peter, tell him about the detective and what I have told you about it."—"Oh, yes," said the husband, "the other day a man from the

Secret Police, a detective, came to my office and inquired about you. You know, it's their job to snoop around foreigners . . . I told him you were a regular guy."—"And what did *I* tell you about it?" insisted the wife. The husband chuckled and said: "Emma said you must have left behind a jealous girl back home, and she is checking up on you."—"Yes," exclaimed the wife with a giggle. "The first day we met, I told Peter that you must be a Don Juan!" The resident knew that the jig was up. The events of the next few days fully confirmed his apprehensions and he left the country in good time.

When an underground operative runs unexpectedly into a person who had known him in the past under a different identity, he tries to disengage himself from him. But when such an encounter takes place on a speeding train, the retreat is cut off, and he may be in for trouble. It is surprising how many such encounters occurred in the eventful history of the NKVD intelligence. I, personally, have known of at least a half dozen such incidents. Here is one of them:

In the 1930's, the NKVD resident who was directing the underground intelligence in France lived there on a Canadian passport. He left for Rome to supervise an interesting operation which was designed to turn one of the key members of Mussolini's government into a secret Soviet collaborator. When the time for offering a substantial bribe drew near, the resident wrote to the Foreign Department of the NKVD a complete report about the operation and asked for final instructions. While awaiting an answer from Moscow, where the NKVD had to obtain the personal approval of Stalin, the resident decided to go to Capri for a short rest.

He stopped at a middle-class hotel, and when he entered the dining room for his first meal the head waiter conducted him to a small table for two where another guest was already sitting. He turned out to be a young Polish diplomat who had arrived a few days earlier from Vienna where he served as second secretary of the Polish embassy. Soon the two began to take walks together and became constant companions. It is, of course, possible that the Soviet intelligence officer tried to cultivate a little friendship with the Polish diplomat with an eye to his possible recruitment at some later date into the Soviet net.

About a month later, after his return to Paris the Soviet resident was called to Moscow to report on the Italian operation. To avoid having his Canadian passport stamped by the Soviet border police, he went to Moscow on his old Soviet passport. When the Eastern Express reached Berlin and stopped at the Schlesische Banhof station, a few new passengers entered the sleeping car. One of them tapped the Russian on the shoulder and called him by his Canadian name. It was the Pole from Capri. The young man was delighted to see him. He said he was going to Warsaw and expressed hope that his Canadian friend was also going there. The "Canadian" quickly took his bearings and answered that he was going to Tokyo via the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The Pole tried to persuade him to stop in Warsaw and be his guest for a week. He promised to take him to the theaters, to introduce him to beautiful Polish girls, and to arrange a boar hunt at the estate of his father. But the Canadian hardly listened to him. His mind was preoccupied with other thoughts. He knew that in a couple of hours the border police officers

would appear, first the German then the Polish, and they would demand passports, and then the Pole would discover that he was not a Canadian but a Soviet national! If that happened the Soviet intelligence officer would not be able to resume underground work in France, where he posed as a representative of a big Canadian concern. His intelligence work in Paris, his passport, and his excellent business cover were at stake.

Some time later, from the far end of the car a sonorous voice announced in German: "Your passports, please!" Our "Canadian" got up quietly and went to the other end of the car and from there to the next car. The Pole waited for him. They intended to go to the dining car together, but the Canadian had suddenly disappeared. He made his way to one of the third-class coaches and waited until the German and Polish police officers had stamped his passport. After that he returned to his sleeping car. The Pole was very much excited. He thought that the Canadian had alighted at the little border station to get some fresh air and had failed to get back on the train.

Such unexpected encounters are the source of constant worry to the underground operative. His mind is automatically attuned to this danger, and whenever he enters a public place, be it a restaurant, theater or hotel lobby he furtively scans the public for a familiar face, always conscious if someone displays an undue interest in him. The Soviet intelligence officer knows that the danger is more real if he has failed to notice that he has been recognized by a hostile person, who may then trail him to his place of residence or business and tip off the authorities. It is thus that some police investigations against Soviet intelligence agents have been initiated.

IX. The Apparatus

When a resident director is assigned to the underground in a foreign country, he may be given the task of taking over an already existing intelligence network or of starting an entirely new one. It is more difficult, of course, to create a new clandestine organization in a hostile country, where all the power of the police and of the counterintelligence agencies is poised against the Soviet intruders who prey on the vital secrets of the nation. But many a resident prefers to build a new apparatus rather than take over an intelligence outfit from somebody else. The reason for this lies in the fact that when an underground resident takes over an existing network he automatically takes over the organic defects lurking in the organization which one fateful day may destroy the network and doom its members to long years of imprisonment. When I speak of defects I have in mind mainly *agent-provocateurs* and counterspies who might have infiltrated the network. Only the experienced resident director who has built everything from scratch can be fairly sure that his apparatus is free from deadly enemies.

The resident director usually has two or more assistants, each of them a staff officer from the Moscow headquarters. The resident and his assistants form the hard core of the organization and, while they must be close-mouthed and on constant guard with almost

everyone else, within their own little circle they are able to talk freely and relax. However, in spite of the fact that they are a closely knit band of men, only the resident director and his chief assistant know the whole network and all the operations. The other aides, although staff officers of the KGB, know only those matters which are entrusted to each of them personally. The officers take this with good graces and do not regard it as a manifestation of lack of confidence in them. The justification behind such a policy is the maxim that the less a man knows the less he can tell, and nobody can know the limits of his endurance in case he falls into the hands of the enemy. That such a stringent secretiveness among the members of the *residentura* pays off, was proved a number of times during the last war, when members of the Soviet intelligence rings had fallen into the hands of the Gestapo. The case of Colonel Rudolph Abel also testifies to the soundness of such a policy. As we have seen, Abel's aide, Reino Hayhanen, did not know even where his chief Abel lived and under what name. Neither did he know the other agents and informants with whom Abel was connected. Had he known this, the whole underground organization directed by Abel would have been exposed.

The resident and his aides do not display before outsiders the close association that exists among them. Keeping in mind that if one of them falls under the suspicion of the authorities the others will also be investigated, the relations among them are camouflaged in such a manner as to make them look casual and completely innocent. To be prepared for such an eventuality, the leading partners of the ring work out a

legend which traces the origin of their acquaintance and the history of their association, and if they happen to be questioned each of them tells the same story.

The legend is often arranged in such a way as to contain a built in corroboration of their story. For instance, one Soviet resident director used to spend the week ends at a suburban social club where he became well acquainted with the manager of the club. Some time later the assistant of the resident also joined the club. One Saturday night the manager invited a few guests to his suite for supper and a friendly game of cards. At that little party, the manager of the club introduced the assistant resident to the resident director, both of whom pretended that they had not known each other till then.

In some instances the legend of the acquaintance and of the further association is predicated on a legitimate business deal. Thus, for instance, one assistant resident placed an advertisement in the paper offering his numismatic collection for sale. The other assistant resident answered, and the two exchanged letters and the collection changed hands.

Every assistant resident directs his sector of the network which may comprise from 15 per cent to 25 per cent of all the "sources." The assistant resident has under him two to five "group leaders," each maintaining contact with a group of sources. The "group leader" is usually a trustworthy former member of a non-Russian communist party who has been carefully selected and trained for the job. He usually lives on a false passport of his own nationality or of another country in which his native tongue is spoken. If he is German, he may use a German, Austrian, Swiss, or Czechoslovakian passport. If American, he may live

on an American, Canadian, British, Australian, or New Zealand passport. If Spanish, he may use the passport of Spain or of any Latin-American country. The "group leader" enjoys the advantages of knowing the language of his passport as a native should. If the "group leader" works secretly in his own country or in a city where his real name is known, he does not assume a false identity and does not use false papers.

The apparatus also has one or two secretaries, usually women, who are in charge of microphotography, typing, and other chores.

The radio operator is the indispensable link between the resident director and Moscow. He is a trustworthy, Moscow-trained technician who knows his trade and is able not only to operate, but to construct a good transmitter if necessary. If the volume of radio communications with Moscow is large, the *residentura* has a code clerk. Otherwise, the job of coding and decoding is done by one of the resident's assistants as a side duty. The *residentura* usually has several transmitters installed at various hideouts, and the transmission is done from various points, sometimes from automobiles in the open country, to make it difficult for the security agencies to track the transmitters down.

"Letter drops," where messages may be left or picked up, and "couriers," who deliver the collected information to an intermediate station or direct to Moscow, complete the basic framework of the intelligence apparatus. If the network is large, the apparatus also has a small passport bureau to fix up passports for unscheduled trips or emergencies and to manufacture border stamps, certificates, and other documents. If the network is small, it uses a passport bureau which services several networks.

The intelligence apparatus directs the work of the so-called "sources"—the men and women who occupy positions of trust in sensitive government organizations of a given foreign state and supply Soviet intelligence with political, diplomatic, military, and industrial secrets of that country. The job of recruiting new "sources" and spreading the net of secret informants wider and deeper into the fiber of the policy-making and other key departments of a foreign government constitutes the most important task of the Soviet intelligence apparatus.

The resident director is the mainspring of the underground organization. He is usually an old hand at intelligence with years of experience as a counterintelligence officer in the Soviet Union. There his job was to ferret out foreign spies who had penetrated the Soviet Union to obtain diplomatic and military secrets. His past experience as a hunter stands him in good stead and proves invaluable when he himself becomes the hunted party in a foreign land. The old NKVD chiefs who had created the Soviet intelligence service looked down with misgivings on the new crop of young officers who had had no previous experience in the field of counterintelligence. They spoke of them condescendingly as of mere messengers who pick up the material from informants for microfilming and bring it back without realizing the complexities of intelligence warfare.

The authority of the resident director is supreme, and in this respect he can be compared to a skipper of a warship or a military commander in the field. He works out the plans of the operations and allocates the tasks among his subordinates. His orders are obeyed

promptly, even if the officers do not agree with him. He alone makes the decisions, and the ultimate responsibility is his. He knows that one false step on his part may bring ruin to the network and imprisonment to himself and his men. And although he is under Moscow discipline and must consult headquarters on important operations, he retains a fair degree of independence: Moscow can veto his plan or operation, but it cannot force upon him an operation which he regards as unsound, perilous, or doomed to failure.

Besides his immediate aides, the resident meets personally only the "group leaders" and some of the most valuable and reliable informants. His past in Russia and his new identity (name, passport, business cover and address) are known only to one or two of his closest assistants who are themselves staff officers of the NKVD. Although, for security reasons, the resident cannot afford to become personally acquainted with all the informants and other members of the network, it is important for him to know everyone of them by sight. For that purpose he comes occasionally to meeting places of the "group leaders" with the informants and there takes a good look at each of them from the side lines. The resident must also know the biographical data of each informant, his occupation and place of work, how he has been recruited, his accomplishments for the Soviet intelligence, and the degree of his reliability. The resident holds a key to every informant in the form of a special password with which he can approach him in case of an emergency. Thus, on several occasions when an underground officer of the *residentura* had broken with Moscow, the resident or his assistant immediately approached the

informants who had worked with the defector and warned them of the impending danger of exposure and of the countermeasures which must be taken.

I remember a case when the NKVD *residentura* learned that one of its most valuable "sources," a German professor of chemistry, who was conducting important experiments at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin for the German war ministry was on the verge of being arrested by the Gestapo. The Soviet officer who maintained contact with this professor was at that time in a hospital resting after an emergency operation. The professor had to be warned to destroy all traces of his espionage work, dismantle the special photographic equipment which had been installed at his home by a Russian expert, and make his escape. The resident went with one of his employees, a young German woman, to the site of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, in Dahlem, and when the professor left the building for home they followed him for some distance to see whether he was being shadowed. When they established that he was not, the woman approached him, identified herself quickly with the password, and broke the bad news to him. She handed him an envelope with money, and the professor was able to carry out the instructions and effect his escape that very night by crossing the border with a false German passport provided for him in a hurry by the *residentura.*

Soviet intelligence officers agree that next to the resident director, who is the daring skipper of the whole intelligence enterprise, the most important figure is the "source," or the informant, as he is usually

called. If the informant is situated in a strategic position with access to important diplomatic or military state secrets, he is worth his weight in gold every time he produces something of significance. If the network has only a dozen such informants, the success of the resident director and of the members of his staff is assured, and they are morally amply rewarded for the risks they run. The principal task of the resident and his assistants will then consist in guiding the informants intelligently and in seeing that they are not caught.

Unlike Western intelligence services, Soviet intelligence treats its informants with genuine solicitude. It never violates its promise not to divulge their identity or services in behalf of the Soviet Union, and it rushes to their aid whenever they are in trouble. The Soviet intelligence hires the best lawyers when informants are caught and helps their families with generous sums of money, even when the further usefulness of the informants has been completely destroyed. There have been cases when Soviet intelligence saved informants hours before their impending arrest by getting them out of the country, helped their families with ten-thousand-dollar bank drafts, and later did their best to reunite them with their families by bringing the families to them in the Soviet Union. This solicitude for the informant is based more on considerations of self-interest than on moral or humanitarian grounds. The Soviet intelligence simply came to the conclusion that such a policy toward the informants benefited its cause and contributed to its success.

It is noteworthy that even during Stalin's blood purges in which several dozens of Soviet intelligence chiefs and underground residents perished, the holo-

caust did not touch the informants, who merely acquired new chiefs after the old ones had been liquidated.

The dangers to which the informant and the officer expose themselves and the joys they share as a result of successful exploits bind them into a bond of genuine friendship, and I have seen many manifestations of sincere devotion and affection on the part of the officers toward the informants. But the irony of it is that the informant rarely knows the real name of his friend, and he has no way of contacting him, once their ways have parted.

X. Recruitment of "Sources"

The recruitment of new informants into the underground network is the most hazardous and difficult task of all intelligence activities. From the very first step the recruiting agent finds himself at a serious disadvantage, because by proposing to a person that he become a spy for the Soviets, the agent exposes his own role even before that person has given his reply. If the answer is negative, the net result remains that the recruiter has *given himself away* . . . This alone shows how skillful and astute the recruiter must be, how softly he must tread to secure a hasty retreat, and what a good judge of men he must be.

Soviet operatives are constantly on the lookout for men and women who are able to deliver important secrets which Russia seeks. The first step is to find out who these people are, where they are, and what they are: their views and beliefs, their private lives and ambitions, their moral character and weaknesses, and above all their potential value as sources of information. People agree to become spies for a number of reasons, such as:

1) Idealistic purposes,
2) Money, career, and other motives of personal gain,
3) Romantic entanglements,
4) Love of adventure,

5) To conceal a committed crime and escape responsibility,
6) Homosexual deviations and other vices.

It will be noticed that I did not mention blackmail as a means of recruitment. Contrary to the general belief, the Soviet intelligence, as a rule, does not employ blackmail in its foreign operations, because it is very dangerous and can boomerang in the face of the recruiting officer. It must be remembered that the Soviet officer operates on the territory of a foreign state and that his fate is in the hands of the informant no less than the fate of the informant is in the hands of the officer. Under such conditions it is too dangerous to make an enemy of a man and thereafter rely on him in such a delicate and hazardous matter as an intelligence operation. There were actual cases when blackmailed persons turned for help to the authorities, made a clean breast of their transgressions, and won forgiveness for themselves by helping the security agencies trap the Soviet recruiting agent.

The reason why it is generally believed that Soviet intelligence agents in various countries employ blackmail to press people into the service of Soviet espionage is that when spies working for Russia are occasionally caught they try to extenuate their guilt in the eyes of the jury and to win as much leniency as they can from the court by saying that they have been forced into espionage by Russian threats and blackmail.

There were, of course, rare exceptions when blackmail seemed to be the right shortcut to acquiring a valuable informant, but experience has taught the chiefs of Soviet intelligence that, in the conditions of intelligence operations abroad, the best way to assure the effective co-operation and devotion of the informants is to be straightforward with them at all times. Therein lies one of the secrets of the spectacular successes of Soviet intelligence.

From the point of view of human motivation, a rich variety of reasons, calculations, and emotions guide people into the perilous undertakings of espionage. The skillful builder of a network who selects and lures people into the adventures of intelligence and guides them in the endless battle of wits bears considerable similarity to the creative novelist, with one major difference—the novelist traces on paper the emotions and actions of imaginary characters. The builder of the spy net inspires and directs the feelings and actions of real people. If the author of fiction makes his characters act irrationally and contrary to their own psychological make-up, the literary critic will immediately spot and denounce the deadly sin of unbelievability, whereas if the creator of the intelligence scheme allows himself to introduce illogical and unbelievable combinations, his plans will fall through and his live characters will soon find themselves behind bars. That is why the ability of the operative to conceive a sound intelligence scheme involving a group of people with diverse interests and to make them co-operate in providing vital information to the Soviet Union is considered a high mark of intelligence competence.

In their operative work the Soviet intelligence officers prefer to deal with men and women who are devoted to the ideals of communism or are in sympathy with the aims and policies of the Soviet Union, because such people give all they have and may be relied on. Some outstanding successes of Soviet intelligence have been attained through the dedicated service of inform-

ants of this category, and in those cases when some of them were caught, they took the full measure of punishment without trying to win leniency by giving their confederates away. However, the Soviet government frowns on the use of card-carrying members of foreign communist parties for espionage activities, because this gives the enemies of communism the chance to assert that communist parties in every country are mere adjuncts of the espionage agencies of the Soviet Union, rather than bona fide political parties.

The next numerous category of informants consists of people who work for money. This is a clear-cut arrangement. The Soviet Union is ready to pay well, and it encourages such informants with bonuses and gifts for outstanding achievements. To this group have belonged noted foreign diplomats, including a few ambassadors, and a number of high-ranking general staff officers. Soviet intelligence keeps, however, a wary eye on informants of this category lest they offer their wares simultaneously to another country as well. Such an act on the part of an informant is considered treacherous, and he is quickly brought into line by a stiff warning. Sometimes an informant who works for money loses his nerve and decides to discontinue working for the Soviets. In such a case, no duress is applied to him. The intelligence officer assumes the role of a solicitous friend. He tries to bolster up the morale of the informant and offers him a two- or three-month furlough with full pay, and when that period expires, the officer presents to him a new plan of work in which the risks are reduced to a minimum. For example, the number of meetings might be brought down to one a month, and the informant is no longer

required to steal secret documents, but to bring oral information instead.

Collaboration based on romantic interests is not relished by Soviet intelligence officers not only because it is morally disgusting, but also because it is bothersome in the extreme, usually short-lived, as most love affairs are, and sometimes ends up in an explosion which ruins the whole intelligence scheme. The few officers who did practice that method were looked down on by their colleagues and were referred to contemptuously as the "matchmakers."

The "romantic" method was evolved as a result of the constant efforts by the Soviet intelligence to enroll into its service young women who work as secretaries, stenographers, code clerks, and administrative assistants in important departments of foreign governments, such as departments of defense or foreign offices, especially those women who work as private secretaries to members of the Cabinet.

The routine is the same as practiced by intelligence services of other countries. Young women dream of love and marriage. The Soviet intelligence is ready to provide the first and to hold out a promise of the second. Carefully selected young men, with good looks, manners, and education, seek acquaintance first with friends and relatives of the girls and later are introduced through them to the girls themselves.

When the sponsored romance blossoms into a love affair, which is sometimes accompanied by a formal or secret engagement, a suitable piece of confidence game is devised in order to explain to the girl why her Romeo wishes to read the secret documents which pass

through her hands. He may tell her, for instance, that he has been offered the post of diplomatic correspondent for a foreign newspaper, a position which will at last secure him financially and allow them to get married. But to make good on his new job, he may add, he would have to see from time to time the diplomatic dispatches . . . In those cases where the intellectual level and social background of the girl justify it, the young lover may use a more direct approach and open to her the lofty ideals of socialism and justice for the exploited masses, and, if the girl is impressed and interested, he gradually brings her to the realization that they must help the Soviet Union with information about the anti-Soviet intrigues of the wily capitalists.

In 1930 an attractive young secretary at the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who took pride in her Nordic type of beauty and was in sympathy with the Nazis, began to pilfer secret diplomatic dispatches for her lover whom she believed to be an ardent follower of Hitler, but who in reality was a German communist in the employ of the Soviet intelligence.

Amazing as it may seem, some of the deceitful love affairs sponsored by the NKVD intelligence ended in true and lasting marriages. I have personally known two such cases. Every time such a thing happened, the chief of the Foreign Department of the NKVD, Artouzov, would chuckle and say: "This couple will have an interesting story to tell to their grandchildren when asked how they happened to get married."

Love is by no means the only method by which secretaries have been enticed into the intelligence net. Some of the girls have been recruited by other means

as well—such as money—often with the help of close relatives.

I remember an interesting case that took place in Germany in the early 1930's. At that time there lived in Berlin a middle-aged German gentleman, Mr. C, who had been brought up and educated in Russia, where he owned a large pencil factory. The pencils with his name imprinted in gold were known to every school child in Russia. When the Russian Revolution had taken place, Mr. C lost all his holdings and fled to Germany with his family. By 1931 he lived with his wife and their exceedingly charming young daughter in quite strained financial circumstances.

One day a Soviet intelligence officer came to see Mr. C with an interesting proposition. Having introduced himself as a member of the Board of the Soviet Commissariat for Light Industry, the officer told him that in spite of all the efforts made in Russia they were unable to produce a satisfactory pencil, and the Soviet Commissariat would like Mr. C to go to Russia and to organize the production of pencils on a national scale. The officer said that C would be given a large salary in German marks and in Russian rubles, a liberal expense account, and a permanent visa for travel to Russia and back. The Russian asked him to work out a plan for the construction of a number of such factories in various parts of Russia and to make his recommendations concerning the purchase of machinery in Germany. Mr. C was overwhelmed. An impoverished millionaire, he had come to the sad realization that he was an aging gentleman whom nobody wanted or needed, and suddenly—such a fantastic offer!

The Russian told Mr C that he was going back to

Russia where the project would be discussed at the highest level and that he would visit Berlin again in a month. He gave him a few thousand marks and asked him to start working on the project. A month later the officer reappeared and told C that the project had been examined in Moscow and that an approval by the government was assured. However, he warned him of one serious snag. The Russian NKVD had information that C was closely connected with the Japanese embassy in Berlin and for that reason it was considered dangerous to entrust a big project to a man who might be a secret agent of the Japanese intelligence service. "Was this true?" asked the officer. C was taken aback and hastened to refute the accusation. He insisted that he had nothing to do with the Japanese, except having been invited once or twice to a diplomatic reception as an act of courtesy toward his daughter who happened to be the personal secretary to the Japanese chargé d'affaires and at times to the ambassador himself. His daughter, he said, was completely nonpolitical and had been employed by the embassy only because of her knowledge of foreign languages and the excellent references that were given her by important people.

The fact that C's daughter worked for the embassy was, of course, no news to the Soviet officer. It was exactly because the NKVD intelligence had known that she was confidential secretary to the Japanese chargé d'affaires that the intelligence officer was sent to her father with the lucrative business proposition. At that time the work of the NKVD intelligence in Japan was very poor, and the prospect of obtaining a valuable source of information in the Japanese embassy in Berlin looked very tempting, indeed. The officer then told C that he knew of only one way to

placate the NKVD, and that was for the daughter to agree to keep the Soviets posted about the diplomatic moves of the Japanese government in Germany and especially about the policy of Japan toward the Soviet Union. The officer promised C that no one would ever learn about this. After some hesitation C agreed to ask his daughter to bring him copies of the Japanese diplomatic dispatches and the coded cables that passed through her hands. He said that he and his daughter were tremendously devoted to each other, and that there was nothing in the world she would not do for him. Of course, he added, this would have to be kept secret from his wife. And, as if to brush away his moral scruples, C declared that the Japs meant nothing to him anyway, whereas Russia was his second motherland where he had felt himself a Russian. He confided to the officer that the chargé d'affaires, a highly educated man and perfect gentleman, was desperately in love with his daughter, but that, of course, he would never agree to having little Japs for grandchildren.

In the meantime, C was putting his final touches to the project. He enjoyed being entertained in exclusive restaurants and insisted on playing host to the Russian. Both men were in high spirits. Each felt that he was near the realization of his goal.

A day or two later, they met for dinner. C appeared suddenly changed. He looked crestfallen. "I have ruined everything!" he said. "My tongue did it." And then he explained. He said that on the preceding night, when he and his wife were in their beds hopefully talking about the unexpected good luck, his tongue let out the secret about the Russian request. "That did it!" he said. "She jumped out of bed as if obsessed and shouted hysterically, 'Over my dead body! My darling

daughter will never be a spy!' You know women," he added apologetically.

Although the plan of the NKVD did not succeed, I relate this story to illustrate how painstakingly a recruiting operation is prepared and what methods are sometimes employed.

Every informant who works in a strategic department of a foreign government is asked by the Soviet intelligence officer to furnish information about the service records and personal lives of the personnel. This information is studied by the intelligence officer with a view to possible recruitment of some of the employees into the Soviet net. A secretary of one department may happen to be friendly or very close to another secretary of the same or a different department. However, as a rule, Soviet intelligence will not use one secretary for the recruitment of another, because this would expose the connection of the first secretary with the Russian intelligence, while there is no assurance that the second secretary would agree to collaborate. A third person is usually assigned to do the direct recruiting, while the informant may be asked to stay closer to her girl friend and try to learn how she reacts to the recruitment and whether there is a danger that she might denounce the recruiting agent to the authorities. The following story will illustrate how this is done.

A Soviet underground resident in Paris was informed by a "source" of his, a girl who worked as a filing clerk at the French Foreign Ministry, that her girl friend, a secretary of the same department, had been asked by the Deputy Foreign Minister to be his private secretary. Moscow became very interested, and the resident was given instructions to spare no efforts to enroll her in

the intelligence net. Here is how the resident started out to do this. He instructed the filing clerk (his informant) to invite the newly promoted secretary to the Comédie-Française for the opening night of a new play. Two seats next to the girls were occupied by two dashing young Englishmen who spoke fluent French. During the most humorous moments of the performance which evoked much laughter in the audience, one of the young men, who pretended to know less French than he actually did, turned to the girls for enlightenment. The girls, especially the one privy to the plot, tried to oblige *l'étranger,* whose witty quips made the girls laugh the more. During the intermission they chatted together. One of the young men introduced himself as a writer, which he was not, and the other as a pianist, which he really was, and a good one to boot.

At the conclusion of the performance the young men asked the girls to an exclusive night spot for supper. Although the private secretary raised her brows superciliously, ready to refuse, the other expressed consent from both of them.

This artificially contrived acquaintance gradually began to yield results. After a few more meetings of the four together, the "writer" began to date the private secretary tête-à-tête. A few weeks later she confided to her girl friend that she was in love. When the "writer" left Paris to return home to Wales, she became unhappy. She wrote to him and he answered with long distance calls, sometimes from another city, and with flowers. Then he suddenly fell silent. Her letters to him remained unanswered. The girl lost peace of mind. She had to see her girl friend every day just to talk about him. She could not sleep. This was love . . .

A month or two later, the "writer" reappeared in Paris. He said he had broken with his despot father, a rich landlord, who wanted him to marry the daughter of an old friend, another landlord. When he broke his engagement to the girl (till then he had never mentioned he was engaged), his enraged father disowned him and cut off his allowance. He still had money in the bank to last him for a year, but he was determined to manage his own life. He would never stoop to ask the cruel old man for help! Further, he told the girl that he had been commissioned by a British publisher to write an important book on the state of Europe. He was determined to make the book a success. His whole career now depended on this!

The "writer" rented a flat in the Latin Quarter of Paris and there surrounded himself with stacks of books and papers on the history and diplomacy of Europe. Every day he made extensive notes, typed excerpts, and was "hard at work" till his belle arrived from work to have dinner and spend the evening with him. Soon they were secretly engaged at a party which comprised the original foursome that had first met at the Comédie-Française. He told her they would get married after the book had reached the booksellers' stands. Although he was supposed to stretch his savings carefully to last for a year, he could not refrain from spending money on little gifts for her and entertainment, and she chided him for that. Well, what was to be expected from a spoiled son of a rich man who never had to work for a living!

Then the inevitable came. One day he broached to her that he was confident his book could be a resounding success if only she would help him with the documentary sources from the place of her work, mainly

with the ambassadorial reports to the Quai d'Orsay. The girl was not shocked. It was so natural that she should help him and she was happy to do it. She only wanted to be sure that the publisher would know nothing about it, and that the book would not contain verbatim quotations from the diplomatic documents or any reference to them. This he could promise her in good conscience.

Some of the most valuable and devoted informants in the Soviet net were foreign civil servants and military men, with access to state secrets who, by force of circumstances, had committed a crime and faced imminent discovery, but were saved by the Soviet intelligence from disgrace and imprisonment in the nick of time.

One such case took place in France: a Soviet underground resident was tipped off by a reliable informant in the French Ministry of War that a friend of his, a major of the General Staff, had gambled away government money and was desperately looking for a way out. A Soviet operative immediately got in touch with the desperate man and covered the deficit. This major became one of the most valuable "sources" and was so grateful that for a long time he declined to accept a regular monthly salary that was offered him.

Another case occurred in Berlin. One night, in 1936, the door bell rang at the suburban villa of Gordon, the Soviet resident director in Berlin. Gordon, who was already in bed, came to the door. There stood a respectable-looking gentleman who said he wanted to talk to him. When Gordon hesitated, the stranger said: "Maybe, if I call you Rudolph, you will feel that this may be important to you. "Rudolph" was Gordon's

secret code name. From the subdued tremor in his voice Gordon could see that the man was under severe strain. He let him in. As soon as the visitor introduced himself, Gordon knew who he was. He was assistant chief of the Russian section of Hitler's military intelligence. This man had embezzled a large sum of money. An audit of the secret funds had been ordered, and if he was found out he would be court-martialed. He needed help. He volunteered to open to Gordon "all his cards." Rudolph asked the visitor whether he could give proof of good faith. The German anticipated this question. He took out of his breast pocket several photostats of secret reports written to Moscow by the Soviet military attaché in Berlin. He gave the name of the Soviet officer in the Commissariat of Defense in Moscow, a Russianized German from the Volga region, who had stolen these secret documents for the German military attaché in Moscow.

Gordon immediately called up the Soviet military attaché and asked him to come to the embassy. There Gordon showed him the photostats. The attaché confirmed that he had written them, the last one only a month before.

The sum required was too large for Gordon to take full responsibility on himself, but if the German were to be saved, they had to act fast. There was no time to waste on coding cables to Moscow and waiting for a reply. The same night, Gordon called up an unlisted private line in the home of Agranov, deputy commissar of the NKVD, and in Aesopian language hinted at the situation to him. The payment was sanctioned.

During Hitler's times the NKVD intelligence in Germany acted very cautiously not only because it was afraid of the Gestapo, but also because it feared Stalin,

who in case of a spy scandal in Germany would berate the NKVD for jeopardizing his relations with Hitler. For that reason, Soviet operatives would strive, when possible, to have meetings with important German informants not in Germany proper, but in a neighboring country such as Denmark or Czechoslovakia.

However, with the newly acquired German informant, resident Gordon found a more convenient way of maintaining contact. Taking advantage of the fact that the informant was assistant chief of the Russian section of the German military intelligence, he brought him together with a Russian girl-clerk from the Soviet consulate and advised the German to pretend that he had enrolled the girl in the German military intelligence as an informer on the personnel of the Soviet embassy. The German welcomed the idea. And thus the girl would bring to the rendezvous a typewritten report on some trivial matter concerning the consulate and receive from the German little rolls of film with information that really counted.

As we have seen, the two major tasks of the NKVD intelligence consist of recruiting informants among the government employees of foreign countries and using them for the purpose of stealing state secrets of foreign nations for the benefit of the Soviet Union. The higher a secret informant is placed in the government department, the more valuable he usually is. That is why the NKVD intelligence officers strive constantly, where possible, to help their informants obtain promotions in their government service. The Soviet officers do this by dispensing good advice to the informants, by covering their expenses for social entertainment of colleagues in the service to build up goodwill, and, on rare occa-

sions, by using the influence of a trusted informant who happens to occupy an executive position in the department concerned. If the resident director carries influence with headquarters, he does this at his own discretion, but ordinarily the sanction of Moscow is required for such an operation in which the name of one informant has to be disclosed to another.

However, in spite of all the efforts expended by Soviet intelligence officers to help their informants attain promotions in government service, the results were spotty and far from satisfactory. Only in the early 1930's did one of the chiefs of the NKVD intelligence hit upon an idea which solved this most difficult problem as if by magic. He succeeded because he approached the problem not only as an intelligence man, but as a sociologist as well. This officer took account of the fact that in capitalistic countries lucrative appointments and quick promotion are usually assured to young men who belong to the upper class, especially to sons of political leaders, high government officials, influential members of parliament, etc. To them promotion is almost automatic, and it does not surprise anyone if a young man of this background, fresh from college, passes the civil service examinations with the greatest of ease and is suddenly appointed private secretary to a cabinet member and in a few short years assistant to a member of the government.

Accordingly, in the early 1930's, the NKVD *residenturas* concentrated their energy on recruitment of young men of influential families. The political climate of that period was very favorable for such an undertaking, and the young generation was receptive to libertarian theories and to the sublime ideas of making the world safe from the menace of Fascism and of abolishing the exploitation of man by man. This was

the main theme on which NKVD *residenturas* based their appeal to young men who were tired of a tedious life in the stifling atmosphere of their privileged class. And when the young men reached the stage when their thinking made them ripe for joining the Communist party, they were told that they could be much more useful to the movement if they stayed away from the party, concealed their political views, and entered the "revolutionary underground." The idea of joining a "secret society" held a strong appeal for the young people who dreamed of a better world and of heroic deeds.

A very important part in influencing the young men was played by idealistic young women of various nationalities who already had a smattering of Marxian theory and who acted as a powerful stimulus which spurred the young converts to action. Having been brought up first by governesses as sissies and later sent to exclusive private schools, they were charmed by the daring Amazons, and their intellectual association with them often blossomed into romances which frequently culminated in marriages. These young men hardly regarded themselves as spies or intelligence agents. They did not want anything for themselves—least of all money. What they wanted was a purpose in life, and it seemed to them that they had found it. By their mental make-up and outlook they remind one very much of the young Russian Decembrists of the past century, and they brought into the Soviet intelligence the true fervor of new converts and the idealism which their intelligence chiefs had lost long ago.

The NKVD intelligence no longer worried about attaining promotions for their charges. The promotions came automatically, and the NKVD chiefs looked forward with great anticipation to seeing some of the new recruits in ambassadorial posts a few years hence.